

ISSUED MONTHLY

Vol. 45

No. 2

THE
MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

FEBRUARY, 1914

ADDRESS.—MISSIONARY LINK, ROOM 67, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SUBSCRIPTION, 50CTS. PER ANNUM

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, 1896

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, 50c. a year. Life members will receive the "Missionary Link" gratuitously by sending an *annual request* for the same.

"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work, in the form of question and answer. "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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The "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" was organized in November, 1860, and incorporated in New York, February 1, 1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1878 by the 'WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA,' in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLV.

FEBRUARY, 1914

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WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

OUR missionary in Japan, Miss S. A. Pratt, writes: "At the Industrial Exhibition of Yokohama, which was opened last summer, the Buddhists planned a campaign, hoping to reach as many people as possible by means of preaching and the giving of tracts. These ideas of work have been taken from the Christians, who made plans for an evangelistic campaign some weeks ago. Just outside the entrance to the grounds is an 'evangelistic hall,' where meetings are held continuously afternoon and evening. Bible and hymn books—also other Christian books—are sold and tracts given away. Christian workers assist with the singing, the giving of addresses and in inviting the people into the services. The students and teachers of the Bible school are helping in this work and much interest has been manifested. Those who wish to hear more are visited in their homes and taught."

"THE report of the Evangelistic work in connection with the *Yokohama Industrial Exhibition* is published, and during forty-eight days 33,499 persons heard the Gospel. There were 614 persons who signed cards stating they wished to study Christianity. As thousands of tracts and Gospels were distributed, who can measure the good done? The students in our Bible-school are visiting these people."

ONE of the first three Japanese converts to Mohammedanism has started a monthly which says: "We have a field for extending Islamic light among Japanese soldiers, who, in their hundreds and thousands, have acquired a strong literary taste."

"The same paper tells of one who believes himself to be a latter-day prophet, who sounded out this note of warning: 'Christianity is very dangerous in Japan, so I heartily beg you to drive it out of our Land of the Rising Sun at the point of the sword of Islamic power.'"

THE history of Protestant missions in India should date from the year 1813," says Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, D.D. "On June 23 of that year, the charter of the East India Company was renewed by the British Parliament, and, on July 21, it received the royal assent.

"The British and Foreign Bible Society had gained for its high ideals the support and confidence of English Christians of all communions. With Wilberforce stood an able band of Indian officials. Their appeal to the Parliament was reinforced by hundreds of petitions which could not be disregarded. After long and heated debate, permission was inserted in the new charter to engage freely in the work of Christian missions throughout the regions held by the East India Company."

NATIVE women reformers," writes Miss Shekelton of China, "of tender hearts and keen minds are needed, and in their hands will be the solution of the salvation of China's womanhood. Without the influence of Christian teaching, much of the present agitation for woman's rights and power in China is merely a simmering of the surface. Deep down at the foundations of Chinese society are the degrading evils of polygamy, and much that not only lowers the status of woman, but defiles the very springs of pure family life."



KUMBA MELA ON THE GANGES

IN EASTERN LANDS.

INDIA—ALLAHABAD.

PICTURES ON THE GANGES.

By MISS ALICE WISHART.

“WILL your *Sadhui* allow me to take her picture?” “Come and try her, and we will see if her friendship stands the test,” replied the little Soldier-Lady who holds the W. U. M. S. fort on the Ganges.

The Soldier-Lady had made friends months ago with Nanga Mai when she was out fishing for souls one day during the Mela season, and not long afterward we were allowed to visit her, and make her acquaintance also. The introduction over, all three sat under the roof-umbrella on a clean piece of wood just big enough for three, this being the sole earthly dwelling of Nanga Mai, who had been an ascetic for many years.

Owing to the old lady's limited knowledge of Hindu, and her guests' ignorance of Scindi, the conversation was necessarily limited;

nevertheless things of the soul were touched on, and the language of love is understood in all lands, and by people of every tongue.

This hot May morning Nanga Mai's hut was deserted, but several *Sadhuis* said she had gone to bathe in Mother Ganga, and would be back presently. When they saw the kodak they were interested, and declared themselves ready to have their pictures taken provided they were given a copy when it was finished. We preferred walking over the sands toward the river, to meet Nanga Mai rather than wait in her hut. The Bund and the sands along the Ganges might well be called the “Picture-Catcher's Paradise,” for those who want variety in temples, hideous idols, sacred bulls, spike beds, faquirs and heathen curiosities of every sort.

Away across the dazzling stretch of sands, scintillating with heat and blinding whiteness, to where colored pennons of the priests flutter in the breeze like a huge flock of birds on wing, flows the Ganges, joined by the sparkling Jumna, blue as the bay of Naples, and the third legendary invisible river forming the junction at which all the year round the

faithful come to bathe. The Ganges in a capricious mood one year changed its course, and left a mile of glittering white sand between itself and the Bund, over which weary, broken old men and women, sad-eyed young widows, and little children, must drag their tired limbs before they can bathe in its turbid waters. Oh! the thousands of weary feet, the multitudes borne down with sin and sorrow who have trod, and are yet treading that stretch of burning sand under a scorching Indian sun! And at the end of the pilgrimage, what? To them merit in the world to come, and cleansing from sin here. To those who look on, a dirty bath and the outstretched palm of a greedy priest. To many this is only a form, just as church-going is with some Christians, to others a good opportunity to get away from the four prison walls of a Zenana; to the few perhaps a solace, because they believe.

Day after day, year in and year out, that stream of humanity flows over those burning sands. Sometimes only a tiny stream, again a sweeping flood; now a thin indistinct line, again a mass of glowing color. And all along the way sit the ever present beggars, the blind, the lame, the halt and the maimed, with outstretched hand and whining professional voice.

Numerous shrines with hideous painted idols of wood, stone and brass, line the way, calling devotees to worship and exercise liberality, a mysterious underground temple invites attention, an old man lying on a bed of spikes, lays up *pice* and merit together; Brahmin children dressed up to represent gods and monstrosities of various kinds call forth pity and *pice*.

We trudged over the sands to find Nanga Mai and get her consent to be photographed. A small kodak and a sunshade are not heavy things usually, but on a hot, May-day morning beneath a tropical sun, with parched sand sifting into the feet, a mile of such walking seems a long way. The sparkling blue of the Jumna is hidden by the sand hills, and only the waving pennons of the priests indicate the place where Nanga Mai may be found. A thin broken stream of pilgrims returning from their bath straggles leisurely by. Bent old widows with shaven heads, villagers wearing the mark of their god on their foreheads, reminding one of the mark of the Beast in Revelation; a group of fine looking Mahrati women, who have been giving alms to the Ganges, are returning, having gone down earlier in the day, accompanied by a

priest and a band "sounding a trumpet" before them, a few young women out for an airing along with carriers of Ganges water. Farther on a little group of women are bending over an ant-hole, "feeding the hungry," and thus gaining merit.

Ah! here we are in sight of the water, and a sturdy, decently half-clothed old woman with a brass *lota* in her hand is coming forward, smiling a greeting, and showing a row of even white teeth.

"Why, oh! why had the ladies taken this long walk in the sun to find her?" "Such trouble to get a picture! Yes, surely she would sit—right in the river, too, and have it taken." She would show a less tiresome way back, and all the while talking fast in her strange tongue. The walk back gave an opportunity to speak of sin, salvation, the Saviour, and she promised to come to the Mission house where a more leisurely conversation could be had.

Ask that the citadel of her heart may be taken for Him.

WEDDING FESTIVITIES.

By MISS EMMA M. BERTSCH.

AS Miss Wishart wished to be present at the marriage ceremony of one of her Zenana pupils at night, I accompanied her.

One lesson we learned was the calm deliberation of the Oriental, even in dressing a bride. The ceremony was to be from 7.30 to 8.30, and although we arrived about on time we learned that the groom might not be able to get leave of absence, so their preparations did not begin until after his arrival. We were seated in the room in which the bride was sitting on the floor; her hair was loose and uncombed.

A large handkerchief was being soaked by her tears. Two women were near her putting on some kind of *dope* so as to make her hands red. She objected to the custom, but they finally succeeded in getting on a thin coat. They could not dye her feet in the position in which she sat, so after much coaxing they finally dabbed a bit on top of her feet and concluded that the "rule had been kept." It was quickly washed off and all heaved a sigh of relief that that was over. Then began the combing of her hair. Scented oil was rubbed on and only the top really combed, without regard to snarls in the braid; the red twine-ribbon was braided in and left hanging down her back.

A pair of green *pajamas* claimed attention and took a long time to adjust. A white sheet screened off the bride as she donned her green trousers; a red jacket-like scarf came next, and on top of the red and green another heavily ornamented red *chaddar*. The other things were plain and inexpensive.

Thus attired, the *bangle-walli* was urged to begin fitting on the regulation bracelets. She wanted her money first, so another ten or fifteen minutes were wasted, although for an hour she had been telling them she must hasten. The glass bracelets were deftly broken from the bride's wrists and seven pairs were fitted and paid for. Custom decrees that two assistants—those who had been dressing the bride—must wear new bracelets, so they had to be fitted and suited. It was more difficult to satisfy the younger one than the bride. We waited, as the groom was not due on the scene until half-past nine. A table was brought in and sweets, fruit and soda *pani* were brought for us two, the only guests.

Then the other ornaments were added to the bride's costume. Miss Wishart wanted to talk to the groom, so he was sent for. He seems like a fine man and promised to do his best to make the bride happy.

About 10 o'clock the *Sazi* or *Moulic* and several men appeared. The *Moulic* wore a towel on his head with two streamers, one at each side, and with gold rimmed glasses made a picture. He filled out the regulation blank for the official file. One of the two witnesses—the bride's elder brother—was asked to go and get the bride's consent to marry the man, whom she had not seen since childhood. This obtained, and the writing signed by groom and witnesses, the *Moulic* began talking very fast and I discovered he was marrying them, although the bride was in the next room and the curtain down. Three times the groom consented to the arrangement—then all concerned waved their hands, touched their eyebrows, and all was over.

The bride goes to her husband in October, at which time the big *tanrasha* will be celebrated.

CHINA—SHANGHAI.

THE SLAVE REFUGE.

By MISS ANNE G. HALL.

IN the outskirts of Shanghai, surrounded by small market-gardens, but quite destitute of the shade of any trees, there stands a large two-story building. It looks

desolate and drear at first sight, but when one has once been inside, it is always afterwards transformed, for within is Miss Henderson. With her are about two hundred girls, from mere babies to those of twenty and over. They have been picked up in the streets or discovered by the policemen, terribly maltreated and usually vacant and stupid from ill treatment. They have been brought here quite unknown, and have been given a warm welcome and a real home with no questions asked. One child was brought in dumb; about three months later, at bedtime, the children all exclaimed with surprise when they saw her laughing and playing with Miss Henderson. They had never even seen her smile before. One evening, to the surprise of all, her little voice suddenly piped out and sang through the whole evening hymn and repeated the evening prayer. Love and kindness had broken the chains that seemed to have been binding her body as well as her spirit.

Every night each baby is undressed by the only true mother she has ever known, while the others sing her special favorite hymn, and then each pair of little arms clasp that mother's neck to give a good-night kiss, when the undressing process is completed. Some of the older children put the clothes away in little piles, and then the real babies all kneel around "mother's" knee, with the two tiniest in her lap and the others in a circle on the floor, and they repeat the evening prayer, sentence after sentence. The problem of the babies is comparatively an easy one, for after they have once been won out of their dazed terror, they are easily led by love.

The real problem comes with the older girls, who are from the very lowest strata of society, and are wilful and often almost uncontrollable. The only thing to do has seemed to be to lock them up in the punishment room, for a sure cure for a Chinese fit of passion is to remove any chance of an audience.

These same girls, once they are reached, develop into good workers, teachers and wives. Men are always going to the Refuge for wives, as they will not be so expensive as girls who have graduated from schools in which their standards of living and demands have inevitably been lifted.

In this Refuge home there are no servants and everything, from the cooking and cleaning to the planting and tending and reaping of the gardens, is done by the girls. Besides all this, there is a good industrial work carried on, as

the girls weave and make cloth. Every quilt used is made from the raw cotton with no other hands but the girls' touching it, except for the picking apart of the cotton, which is man's work. Rag rugs and rag dolls and so forth are made for sale. The laundering for two hundred girls has to be done in five little compartments, with a system that no big organization need be ashamed of.

Certain hours are set apart for study, and this with good food, work, play, and plenty of sunshine, and the love of God made real to them through the consecrated life of Miss Henderson, that is working miracles every day. Is it not a miracle to take a stupid human being, or a child hardened against everything by an opium fiend mistress, and change her into a useful, happy girl?

Sometimes children are brought in who have not become dulled and insensible to feeling. One little child for two or three weeks after her arrival would go to bed sobbing pitifully to herself, and each morning before Miss Henderson's door would crouch a poor, forlorn little figure. "Why, what's the matter, darling?" she asked. "Oh! my mother and my father and my brothers and my sisters! Where are they? I cannot find them!" Her family had belonged to the very respectable farmer class in a country village. They had lived through two years of famine and at last they had come to the very end of their last resource. Their last atom of resistance was gone and they took to the road as beggars. When they reached the next village, they sold the little girl. They hated to do this, but isn't a girl born to be of advantage to her family? Her new master soon afterward began to bargain her off to some one else, and there was a wrangling dispute in which a policeman was obliged to interfere. The men fled, and the frightened, helpless child was left in the middle of the road.

Let us be thankful that there is a place where these babies can forget their awful past and learn to give thanks to God for their bowls of rice and for His goodness to them.

Has all this any connection with our Bridgman School? Only this, that the head teacher here now, taught and worked for a year and a half there, so that she came to us with a very tender heart and a wealth of experience with girls, and that we hope some day some of our own girl graduates will be inspired by it to consecrate their lives either there or in hundreds of other needy places to true unselfish service.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA.

ONE OF OUR WEDDINGS.

By MISS S. A. PRATT.

A VERY pretty wedding was held in the Chapel of the Bible-School the last week in October, when Funu Sasaki, one of the graduates of the class of 1909, was married to Rev. T. Hisanaga, a graduate of a theological school in Tokyo, who had been appointed pastor of the Japanese Church in Taiku, Korea.

The Chapel was very prettily decorated with pots of chrysanthemums placed along the edge of the platform; also two small pine trees, the pine being specially congratulatory. The seats had been moved to the sides of the chapel and white cloth spread in the aisle. Before the ceremony photographs were taken, not only of the bride and groom, but of the wedding party, consisting of the pastor who married them, his wife, also from the Bible-School, Mrs. Iwamura, the matron; Rev. Mr. Mori, these two having arranged the marriage, and myself.

The chapel was filled with the students upon one side, while upon the other were seated the friends of the groom and the teachers. One of the Bible-School teachers played the wedding march and very pretty did the bride look as she walked up the aisle.

After the simple, impressive service, all present offered congratulations, after which the newly-made couple with the guests went upstairs to the matted rooms and were seated along the two sides of a long room, the bride and groom being placed at the end.

The wedding feast was then brought in on trays by two of the members of the Senior class and placed on the floor before each one. This consisted first of clear soup in bowls, in each one of which was the head of a fish, always served at weddings. A dish of raw fish cut into delicate thin slices, a cooked fish; and besides all this a dish containing chestnuts cooked with sugar and sweet potatoes, pounded fish and omelette. Foreign cakes were also served.

During the feast many pleasant speeches were made by the pastors and teachers. One pastor said that twenty-four years ago that very night he had married one of the girls from this same school.

Since reaching their field of work we have received letters from both the bride and groom expressing real mutual joy and satisfaction in their new life and work.

HERE AND THERE

THE DAILY ROUND.

THE stimulating moment of the year in foreign mission work is the arrival of reports representing interests in every station under our fostering care. First and foremost come the figures, which, like the skeleton foundation of all organism, stand for success or failure and growth.

With the reports we pass into our sunny school-rooms teeming with young life and note the development of ardent enthusiastic students in new ranges of thought. We see them winning well-earned prizes and passing from the school portals, finely equipped for a new, far-reaching future. We follow our native Bible women and assistant missionaries, all characterized in the reports, "as faithful, devoted workers, zealous and keen in a service that knows much of routine, which often dulls the brightest enthusiasm. Many are shut away from those helps which deepen spiritual life and are always in daily close contact with sin and disease in hideous forms, and the subtle continuous downward pull of idolatry amid depressing climatic conditions, yet they live victoriously and work with enthusiasm where the grace and power of God is needed in no small measure. The missionaries watch with prayerful interest the development of these native assistants on whom depends in great measure the success of the work and in meeting their spiritual needs is an important achievement."

We enter through our printed page into the Zenana where the closely guarded women lead circumscribed lives, lives paralyzing to every aspiration, and we hear them say "The Bible is like a hammer breaking hardened rocks." We note that our missionaries realize "in seasons of illness and trial these Zenana women turn to those who teach them, for sympathy and prayer."

We follow our consecrated workers to the sacred streams, where "multitudes borne down with sin and sorrow are tread that stretch of burning sand under a scorching Indian sun! And at the end of the pilgrimage, what? To them merit in the world to come, and cleansing from sin here. Day after day, year in and year out, that stream of humanity flows over those burning sands and all along the way sit the ever pres-

ent beggars, the blind, the lame, the halt and the maimed, with outstretched hand and whining professional voice.

"Numerous shrines with hideous painted idols of wood and stone and brass, line the way, call devotees to worship and exercise liberality, a mysterious underground temple invites attention, an old man lying on a bed of spikes, lays up *pice* and merit together; Brahmin children dressed up to represent gods and monstrosities of various kinds call forth pity."

Here come in the potent ministry of Gospel story and song holding up the matchless Redeemer whose sacrifice for sin embraces the whole world and the race in its vast unity.

We enter our Orphanages filled with numberless waifs to whom home and parents are wanting and we see them gathered into an atmosphere of love, fit emblem of the Tender Shepherd who would draw all these wandering lambs into His sheltering fold.

We take in our hospitals and dispensaries, crowded with sick and suffering ones, to whom our consecrated physicians and surgeons are stretching forth gentle hands of skill and healing, and we hear one patient asking for Scripture teaching, that her mind might be diverted from her painful trouble. "Will you not find and repeat for me 'The Eight Blesseds in the Bible?'" she asked. As we recited the Sermon on the Mount, it was evident that the listener had committed this Scripture to memory as a child. It was an inspiration to see the effort she made to recall part of the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, which had lain buried in her memory almost thirty years, not understood by her as a child, but with all life's experiences now, how much it means? "God is a spirit and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," "The Father seeketh such to worship Him,—Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." In teaching one patient many others gather around to listen. The weeks spent as a patient have been tedious, but this has been God's plan, for the lost one is found and brought into the fold. Prayer has become part of her daily life, the Word her comfort.

Thus may be multiplied "the daily round," and we who sit at ease conning the written pages of our reports, echo with a voice of gratitude the words of one of our veteran surgeons, "Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest."

SPIRITUAL RESOURCES OF THE CHURCH.

From *Home Base of Missions*.

IT is certain that the spiritual resources of the Church are more than sufficient for the accomplishment of the work if the Church will avail itself of them. To be convinced of this we have only to take time to reflect upon what we mean when we speak of God. Can God be defeated? Can His purpose fail? Nineteen centuries have passed, yet the Church has not put fully to the test of experience the words of Christ: "Have faith in God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou taken up and cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that what he saith cometh to pass; he shall have it."

One aspect of the subject demands our special consideration, viz., the promotion of prayer for missions. Any view of the conduct of the work of the Church that does not place supreme reliance upon prayer is at variance with the entire teaching of the New Testament. No thoughtful reader of the Gospels can fail to recognize the pre-eminent place which Jesus Christ gave to prayer both in His teaching and in the practice of His own life. The greatest leaders of the missionary enterprise have been men of prayer. The volume of testimony is overwhelmingly that "Prayer is power; the place of prayer is the place of power; the man of prayer is the man of power."

The need of prayer for missions is evident when we give thought to the circumstances under which missionary work is carried on. Were missionaries to go forth, a company of strangers and foreigners, to ask the peoples of Asia and Africa to change some habit of dress or social custom, their task might seem almost impossible. How infinitely more difficult it is to ask these peoples to accept a teaching that will revolutionize their whole life! There is nothing magical in the crossing of the seas that renders missionaries immune from the temptations, the weaknesses of character, the unbelief that deadens the life of the Church that sends them forth. The neglect of prayer by the Church at home means defeat at the front of the battle. "We know not," it has been truly said, "when the missionary stands before his greatest opportunity. We know not when fierce temptation may sweep in upon him like a flood." If he is to be victorious in his great adventure, he needs the prayers of the Church at home.—*Condensed*.

OPEN DOORS.

By REV. J. G. H. BARRY, D.D.

AS God opened the doors of the Graeco-Roman world to the Apostles, as He brought the Germanic nations to the door of the Church, so He has to-day opened all heathenism to our approach. To talk about the heathen being saved by their own simple religions, or their religions being suitable to them as Christianity is to us, is intolerable.

Let it be that God will judge the heathen by the light that He has given them, and that therefore they may be saved without Christianity, surely Christianity means more than escape from hell! It has meant the gradual elevation of the nations that have embraced it in moral and spiritual life. Heathenism has proved itself utterly inadequate to moralize or spiritualize life. It is shame and degradation that Christians to-day show themselves so callous to the needs of the non-Christian world. One sometimes questions the sincerity of our professions of attachment to our Lord, when we have so little love for souls; when we make so little effort to bring to Him those myriads of souls for whom He hungers.

The cause of missions would seem to be the one cause that ought not to be compelled to plead for support. Support of missions ought not to be the matter of pitiful begging that it is. One's soul grows sick at the luxury and self-indulgence of Christians who cannot support missions; at the contemplation of the amount spent on mere amusement, while souls all over the world are crying out for the Gospel of life. What is the relation, do you suppose, between what any city spends on the one item of theatrical amusement, and what it gives to the extension of the kingdom of God?

One's heart sickens, not when one thinks of the state of heathenism, but of the state of Christendom. God the Holy Ghost has brought heathen nations to the point of preparation where they are ready to receive the Gospel, and we leave the heathen world to its corruption.

Prayer is the putting forth of vital energy. It is the highest effort of which the human spirit is capable. Proficiency and power in prayer cannot be attained without patient continuance and much practice. If this work is to be taken seriously, the hour of prayer must be definitely set apart and jealously guarded in spite of weariness and many distractions. The secret and art of prayer can only be learned from the teaching of the Master.



EDWIN STONE HALL OF THE BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL SCHOOL.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

THE BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL.

By KATHARINE ABBEY.

IN our Compound was a large new school building, with study and classrooms, and on the third floor were roomy bedrooms. It could not boast of much furniture, but there it stood, big and imposing in the midst of crowded Chinese houses and next door to a big Taoist temple. Behind it was another building, smaller but also recently built. In it were dining-rooms and other classrooms, and upstairs were rooms in which twenty-five girls could sleep.

Outside the Compound, in the crowded Chinese alleys, were children and children. Surely now that people were beginning to want education there would be many who would

be crowding into those beautiful new buildings when the day came for school to open. And yet, as it happens, that first day recorded an enrollment of four pupils. "Doesn't anybody want to come here to school?" asked one of our one-year-old China missionaries. "It cannot be a failure," answered the other of the one-year-old missionaries. "Let us go out and gather them in for, of course, there must be many who want to come." But as it happened, Chinese don't place very great confidence in new arrivals, who must not expect to find an immediate response to their enthusiastic dreams of big schools and opportunities. It is only step by step that things are accomplished in this world—and so it is with schools.

Those first few months saw twenty girls gathered at their desks in the day time, and twenty sleeping in their little four-posted cots at night. They were attractive girls and the one-year-old missionaries rejoiced in knowing and loving them. They could practice their tongues as they talked with them and could attempt to find meaning in sounds that apparently meant nothing. They were fortunate in having a fine Chinese teacher whom they grew to love more and more. Together they worked and played and prayed and there was gladness in their hearts.

The New Year came and with it the opening of the new term. This time there were not enough beds in the smaller building and so all moved into the big empty rooms of the *Edwin Stone Memorial Hall*.

Beside the boarding-school there were three day-schools to be looked after and to examine the students in all subjects. To themselves, they queried, "How can we examine those children, when we cannot read all the characters ourselves?" To the pupils they wore the wise looks that teachers are supposed to wear, and appeared surprised and grieved when they stumbled or slipped in their recitations, although they made no attempt to correct.

The day-schools did not seem to be very crowded, as in the neighborhood were many attractive Chinese schools springing up. Later the day-school pupils accepted an invitation to attend the *Bridgman Memorial School*. Possibilities of a graded primary department, with each teacher having charge of one grade, were looming up in the minds of those in charge. So in those spring days, a beginning was made.

In the summer, there were more definite plans, a catalogue was printed, and a carpenter engaged to make furniture for the new building. Among other things furniture for the *Ruth Fordyce Room* was made, as a group of college friends had given the money as a memorial for a friend. There would be great possibilities in that room for the literary society to have its meetings in and to gather for fun on Saturday nights! On Sunday afternoons the girls could collect there to read and tell stories, and to know and help one another in a real way. This room was to be a center for the home life of the school. One of China's great needs was well-trained teachers and it seemed that they owed it to their teachers to give them suggestions and ideas which would brighten the work for them and for their

pupils. Teachers' meetings must be an inspiration, not only through their practical suggestions but through the spirit they would have of striving and working together for the same great cause.

September came and the now two-year-old missionaries opened school with tears of joy that they saw the response. There were eighty who gathered for morning prayers. The air was full of hope and anticipation—hope of the pupils and hope of the teachers.

A number of pupils had been received for just the cost of board, the first to respond to the message of love. It was also decided to start a self-help department, in which the girls would have the opportunity of earning part of their tuition. Nor were any school books given away because every girl, who was in earnest, could earn her own book money.

Pau Amy's mother has a day-school in her own home. There is an older brother who must also be educated, so it was not easy for her to send Pau Amy to school. When she heard how much her daughter's books cost, she said, "Can't I wait and pay just a little on them each month?" Amy's face was all aglow these days because she was planning such a beautiful surprise for her mother by earning her own book money.

All of the Bible classes are taught by one teacher, so that she can give them special thought and preparation. Two mornings a week the Chapel service is planned for the non-Christian girls. They are also gathered in a special Sunday school class that their needs may be planned for and their hearts reached.

Best of all there is reason for rejoicing because the girls themselves have wanted to have a Young Women's Christian Association. Last June six delegates attended the Conference, which was held in Shanghai. Through the spirit of new enthusiasm and determination it is hoped that they will learn to know what it means to consecrate their lives and feel a greater responsibility for those in the school who do not know Christ.

There is a new and stronger faith in the hearts of the two missionaries. A vision of the wonderful opportunities for a Christian School, in this very spot, next the Taoist Temple, of teachers and the pupils, who are preparing to go out to be teachers and have homes of their own.

But they need your help. Won't you remember that school and its teachers and pupils?

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from
December 1 to December 31, 1913.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA.			
Conn.—Greenwich, Mrs. A. C. Hencken, Miss Wishart's salary,	\$600 00		
N. Y.—Albany Br., Miss Mary Gibson, Treas., Rensselaer St. Bible School, for school,	50 00		
Pa.—Phila. Br., Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas., Miss Roderick's salary, 70.00,	70 00		
Total,		\$720 00	
CALCUTTA.			
Mass.—Boston Br., Miss Evelyn Dix, Treas., Miss Cora Tuxbury, for Neermola (orphan), 25.00; Miss May's school, for Pyrai, Gardner Mem'l School, 50.00,	\$75 00		
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Primary Dept. Bedford Presb. Bible School, Mr. H. W. Drake, Treas., for Lokhi (orphan), 30.00; West Point, Thankful (orphan), 25.00,	55 00		
N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen Eliza White, scholarship, 5.00; Summit, N. J., Mrs. F. S. Phrancr, for orphanage, 100.00,	105 00		
Pa.—Germantown, X. Y. Z. Band, Mrs. F. V. Bonaffon, Treas., for Sorijini (Bible teacher), 60.00; special for her use, 15.00; Converts' Home, 25.00; Williamsport, C. L. Chatham, for orphan, 6.25,	106 25		
Wis.—Milwaukee, Normal School, Miss E. M. Strong, for Kamalini (orphan),	18 00		
Total,		\$359 25	
CAWNPORE.			
Mary Avery Merriman School.			
Mass.—East Douglass, The Misses E. M. and C. M. Chapman, for Monorama,	\$25 00		
N. Y.—Cold Spring, "Hillside Band," Miss A. P. Wilson, Sec'y. for Ada, 23.00; New Brighton, Mrs. J. J. Wood, 8.00; Schenectady, Miss G. V. N. Lyle, for Kahira, 4.00,	35 00		
N. J.—Morristown Aux., Miss A. P. Hastings, Treas., 90.00; New Brunswick Aux., Miss A. B. Cook, Treas., for orphan, 15.00,	105 00		
Pa.—Lancaster, Miss Mary Goch-nauer, for Razi, 5.00; Phila., W. for Miss. Soc., Mrs. A. E. Barnett, Treas., Grace Ch. (Scranton), for Jane, 30.00; Phila. Br., The Misses Comegys, for KaHin, 20.00,	55 00		
Ill.—Chicago, Bethany Union S. S., H. C. Boardman, Treas., for Karl,	12 50		
Ind.—Lafayette, Mrs. Z. S. Ely, for Margaretta,	20 00		
Callf.—St. Barbara, Miss M. A. Merriman, for Helena,	50 00		
Total,		\$302 50	
FATEHPUR.			
Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital.			
N. Y.—Albany, A Friend, for surgical cabinet, 135.00; Brooklyn, Spencer Mem'l Ch., Mr. Wm. Miller, Treas., for Binkle, 10.00; Brooklyn Br., special for Dr. Spencer, 15.00,	\$160 00		
N. J.—New Brunswick, per Dr. Mackenzie, for Binkle, 56.00; Miss			
S. S. Warren, for Nurse, 50.00,	106 00		
Ohlo—Cincinnati, Mrs. M. M. White, to endow bed, "In Memoriam" M. M. White,	600 00		
Pa.—Phila. Br., Miss Todd's salary, Rescue Work,	150 00		
Total,		\$1,016 00	
JHANSI.			
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Estate of Ezra P. Hoyt, Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, Ex.,	\$150 00		
N. J.—New Brunswick, per Dr. Ernst (special),	22 00		
Pa.—Phila., Christ Mem'l Ch., per Dr. Ernst, for conveyance, 50.00; Shippensburg Normal S. School collection, Miss A. V. Horton, 4.14; Phila. Br., Dr. Ernst's salary, 150.00,	204 14		
Md.—Baltimore Br., Mrs. F. A. Hoffman, Fanny B. Robbins mem'l bed, 600.00; Miss E. C. Wright, 5.00; Mrs. H. A. Stump, for Amiran, 25.00; The Misses Hoover, for bed, 25.00; Mrs. H. S. W. Athey, In Memory of Isabella Athey, for bed, 25.00; Mrs. T. P. Langdon, for Binda, 30.00; Miss M. M. Robinson, 5.00; Dr. Flora Pollock, 2.00, for conveyance,	717 00		
Total,		\$1,093 14	
SHANGHAI, CHINA.			
Margaret Williamson Hospital.			
N. Y.—Albany Br., Madison Ave. Ref. Ch., for Hospital assistant,	\$60 00		
Pa.—Phila. Br., for Dr. Reifsnnyder's salary,	175 00		
China—Shanghai. Legacy—Mrs. Susan Margaret McLeod, of which 1,200.00, to endow two beds,	2,248 75		
Total,		\$2,483 75	
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.			
Mass.—Boston Br., Miss A. J. Mulford, for B. Reader,	\$30 00		
N. Y.—Albany Br., Madison Ave. Ref. Ch., Mrs. W. Le Grange, 60.00; Miss M. L. Leonard, 60.00, for their Bible women; Brooklyn, Life Line Mission, Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, for Country Station, 60.00; West Point, Thankful, for pupil, 25.00,	205 00		
N. J.—New Brunswick Aux., three scholarships, 120.00; Plainfield, Mrs. C. M. De Graf, for pupil, 40.00,	160 00		
Pa.—Phila., W. F. M. Soc., Ref. Ch., Mrs. Jos. Barton, for Bible Reader,	30 00		
Total,		425 00	
GENERAL FUND.			
Conn.—Norwich Town, Mrs. C. Lane,	\$2 00		
N. Y.—Albany Br., Miss Mary Gibson, Treas., Mrs. J. T. Lansing, 25.00; Miss M. L. Leonard, 10.00; Mrs. G. D. Miller, 10.00; Mrs. S. M. Patton, 2.00; Mrs. W. J. Waller, 5.00; Mrs. G. W. Van Slyke, 1.00; Miss C. E. Emselein, 1.00; Mrs. John Pladwell, 2.00; Mrs. R. C. James, 1.00; Mrs. P. H. Dedrick, 10.00; Mrs. G. D. Pruynt, 1.00; Mrs. W. Le Grange, 5.00; Miss De Witt, 5.00; Peter Gansevoort, in memory of his wife, Susan			

Gansevoort, 25.00; Mrs. W. J. Milm, 5.00; Miss E. D. Summer, 25.00; Miss A. R. Spelman, 2.00; Mrs. John Visscher, 4.00; Mrs. J. D. Parsons, 3.00; Mrs. A. K. Richards, 1.00; Mr. I. D. F. Lansing, 3.00; Miss P. H. Wilson, 1.00; Miss Van Antwerp, 2.00; Miss M. Gibson, 2.00; Miss K. Van Rensselaer, 5.00; Miss E. Mayell, 5.00; Mrs. J. L. Newman, 10.00; Mrs. E. G. Selden, 10.00; Mrs. C. G. Sewall, 1.00; Mrs. S. C. Wooster, 2.00	
Total, 184.00. Brooklyn, Mrs. E. M. Van Dyke, 100.00; N. Y. City, Mrs. Chas. Parsons, 75.00; Mrs. S. E. King, 10.00; A Friend, 800.00; Mrs. Morgan Barnwell, 20.00	1,189 00
N. J.—Montclair, Mrs. Benj. Carter, 10.00. Newark Aux., Mrs. R. H. Allen, Treas. Collected by Miss Merry—from North Reformed Ch.: Mrs. R. F. Ballantine, 50.00; Mrs. John Ballantine, 10.00; Miss A. B. Duryee, 1.00; Miss M. O. Duryee, 1.00; Miss E. S. Depue, 1.00; Mrs. F. S. Douglas, 1.00; Miss Edith Merry, 3.00. Collected by Miss J. Abeel—Mrs. R. B. Symington, 10.00; Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, 5.00; Mrs. Benjamin Sites, 1.00; Miss Clara Brown, 1.00; The Misses Condict, 2.50; Mrs. James P. Dusenberry, 1.00; Miss J. W. Abeel, 3.00. Collected by Mrs. Allen—Miss Carter, 1.00; Miss F. L. Smith, 2.00; Mrs. Gulick, 2.00; Mrs. Charles Wheeler, 10.00; Miss Theresa Burnet, 1.00; Miss Brown, 1.00; Miss Johnson, 1.00. Miss Miller, 1.00; Mrs. Wm. Douglass, 1.00. Total, \$110.50. Princeton Br., Mrs. M. L. Wilson, Treas., \$124.00; Summit, Mrs. F. S. Phraner, 400.00,	644 50
Del.—New Castle, Miss A. R. Spotswood,	50 00
Md.—Baltimore Br., Miss E. M. Bond, Treas., Mrs. H. S. W. Athey, an. sub., 1.00; Mrs. G. F. Libby, in Memory of her Mother, Mrs. Alexander M. Carter, 5.00.	6 00
Total,	\$1,891 50

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND.

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.	
Calcutta—Mrs. L. A. Ross, for Bible woman,	\$12 25
Cawnpore—Mrs. H. H. Baldwin, for girl, 25 00; Mrs. M. I. M. Morse, for Mercy, 20.00,	45 00
Jhanst—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, 15 00; Mrs. J. A. Weston, 60.00, for their Bible women,	75 00
China—Ch. of Atonement, Wed. Eve. Prayer meeting, for Mrs. Zan, care Miss Irvine,	12 00
Japan—Unto Him—Harada Shobi, Mrs. Samuel Robinson—Futsu Station,	10 00
Miss A. R. Harper—Tei Muira, Miss Emily Lehman—Fuku Ueno,	60 00
Mr. C. L. Hutchins—Kono Yoshida,	5 00
Miss H. D. Boone—Kiku Yamane,	10 00
Miss B. F. Clark—Mamomote Some,	10 00
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh—Kozukuye Station,	30 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Frederick—Suga Mori,	15 00
Miss A. G. Steacy—Mrs. Tsume Mitsu,	10 00
Mrs. J. W. Howe—Isuru Iijima,	60 00
	35 00

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Olcott—Moto Iwamura,	15 00
Mrs. T. F. Kane's S. S. Class—Iwamoto Station,	9 35
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mann—Kikuyo Otsuke,	60 00
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel—Chika Matsuoke,	10 00
Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi,	10 00
Mrs. J. M. Ham—Mitsa Ishikawa,	60 00
Mr. John Scott—Kono Onuma, Miss A. V. Peebles—Gamamoto Take,	25 00
Miss E. G. Pradley—Kotoji Ito,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lawson—Shizu Shemazaki,	10 00
Miss E. M. Weeks—Suma Murakami,	60 00
Mr. John Dickson (In Mem. of Mother)—Sasaki Fumi,	15 00
	60 00
	644 35
Total,	\$788 60

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK.

Miss J. F. Hamilton, .50; Princeton Br., .50; Baltimore Br., 1.00; Mrs. N. Boynton, .50; Mrs. C. E. Graff, .50; Miss C. G. Ayres, .50; Mrs. G. C. Halsted, .50; W. H. Shaw, .50; Boston Br., .50; Albany Br., .50. Total, \$5.50.

SUMMARY.

Allahabad,	\$720 00
Calcutta,	371 75
Cawnpore,	347 50
Fatehpur,	1,016 00
Jhansi,	1,168 14
China,	2,495 75
Japan,	1,069 35
General Fund,	1,891 50
LINK Suscriptions,	5 50
Phila. Br., for Mrs. Winsor, Sirwin, India,	10 00
Total,	\$9,095 49
ALICE H. BIRDSEYE, Ass't Treas.	
Interest and Dividends, December, 1913,	\$1,499 41
Legacy, Estate of Eliza (Mrs. Chas.) White,	926 38
	\$2,425 79
JOHN MASON KNOX, Treasurer.	

DECEMBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH. (Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.)

"Provident" interest to November,	\$6 85
Through Miss M. E. Comegys:	
From Mrs. Edgar T. Warburton, for Mrs. Winsor's work, Sirur, India,	5 00
From the Misses Comegys, for Kalia, Merriman Ohphanage,	20 00
From the same, for general work,	6 00
	31 00
Through Mrs. Robert Le Boutillier, from Zenana Society of Wayne, Pa.,	57 75
From Mrs. Waterall, for Mrs. Winsor's work, Sirur, India, 5.00; for general work, 5.00,	10 00
Through Mrs. Wm. W. Farr:	
Mrs. Edmund K. Goldsborough,	5 00
Mrs. J. B. Wattson,	1 00
Miss Caroline Farr,	3 00
Mrs. Wm. H. Farr,	50 00
Mrs. Alex. P. Robinson,	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Wilkins Carr,	5 00
Mrs. Jas. Carstairs,	5 00
Miss A. P. Newbold,	2 00
Miss Joanna Hogan,	1 00
	73 00
Mrs. B. Franklin Stahl,	25 00
Total receipts,	\$203 60

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